





CROP the CONJURER

*Telling the little MASTERS and MISSES
their FORTUNES.*

THESE pretty Boys and Girls are come,
To know from mighty CROP their Doom;
Pray buy this Book and read it thro',
That you may know your Fortune too.

THE
W I S D O M

M H F Haskell

Crop the Conjuror. 1799

EXEMPLIFIED

In several Characters of Good and Bad
Boys, with an impartial Account of
the celebrated [wants p. 23-26]

T O M T R O T,

W H O

Rode before all the Boys in the Kingdom till he
arrived at the Top of the Hill, called

L E A R N I N G.

WRITTEN

For the Imitation of those who love themselves.



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M. L. (v) Haskell
1819

P R E F A C E.

I CANNOT help making some apology for the intrusion of this little piece, especially as the main object of it, (Encouraging a love of Learning or Reading in the minds of children,) is excited by such rewards and punishments, as have been unjustly condemned, but without maturely weighing the matter.

WHATEVER stimulates children to a love of Virtue or Learning, ought always to be applied. The experienced Physician will gild the pill, not only to take the eye, but to take the nauseous

A 3 taste

taste away ; coaches, horses, &c. are the only things which most engage the attention of children ; they are the only blessings their infant understandings are capable of comprehending ; and if it is an evil to promise these, it can only be a partial evil, which wears away as the judgment becomes better informed in more advanced years.

BUT that which seems more injurious (the representing of hobgoblins, monsters, &c.) is as soon confuted as the other, (not ill-meant) but ill-judged opinion.

THE tempers of children are as various as those of grown people : some too are not to be led by promises : they must have

have threatenings ; and those suited to their understanding, such as give tremendous ideas, and will make an impression on the mind, till they are more capable of receiving greater objects. To give serious threatenings to children, only lasts till they grow a few years older, and then they look upon all that has been told them, (however serious) only as Bugbears to frighten babies. Whereas, the more out of the way the objects of punishment are represented in youth, the better will be the relish for sublime truths, when they come to maturer years.

THE
W I S D O M
OF

GROP the CONJURER.

HALLOO! halloo! halloo! what's
the matter? Stand clear: Here
comes *Grop the Conjuror*. Now, little

E boys

boys and girls, is the time to have your Fortunes told.

PRAY tell me my Fortune, good Mr. *Crop*, says *Tim Prattle*. Your Fortune! truly, your Fortune will be to be whipped this afternoon. No, no, that will be my misfortune; besides, I am sure you don't know that, for I shall stay at home, and not go to school. Very well, Master *Prattle*, very well; but you shall be whipped for all that, so get you gone; and so it was; for though *Tim* did not go to school, his father flogged him for stealing some apples at home.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD have told you more about this famous *Crop the Conjuror*, if *Tim* had not stopped me with his prattle; but now having a little leisure, I will make you all as wise as myself. He is grand-son to old Nurse *Dandlem*, who used to cut his hair close to his head all round; for



she would say, that thick long hair made boys look like dunces. He had the extraordinary method of telling what
B z would

would become of any who applied to him: nay, he told me I should write his life, and not one little boy or girl in ten read it through, before they had tore it to pieces, which, however well it might answer Mr. *Marshall's* ends who sells this book, would answer no other end to the buyers, than learning them to keep their money in their pockets, and not to bestow books on slovenly children.

CROP was a very clever fellow, I assure you; and when a very little boy indeed, could read his Primer, or any thing else he had a mind for. He has a great deal of Learning now, and will make any little boy or girl good, if they will attend to his instructions.

Now

Now pray, Mr. *Crop*, tell me my Fortune, says *Billy Learwell*. Yes, and with much pleasure, says *Crop*: You will be a great man, for you mind your book, you shall have horses and coaches plenty, and every thing you wish for, if you continue in the same good way you are now in.

Sam Lickspit was the next: You shall have a great many good thrashings for stealing pies, and bread and butter. So take care you are not too fond of your belly, else your breech may pay for it; and this is the reason why every little boy has two eyes and but one mouth, that they may see many nice things without wanting to eat them all. Aye, but, says *Sam*, my mouth is twice

B 3 as

as large as my eyes, and I can eat a
tart as big as my hand.

*For a star'd I'd run a whole mile,
Tho' it rain'd cats and dogs all the while,
I mind not the smart of my breech,
So I get but a pye in my reach.*

Sam Lickspit one day when the cook
was out, stole into the pantry, and
with a knife cut the top crust all round
the dish of a gooseberry-pie; then tak-
ing it off, eat all the inside, and put
the top on again, so that nobody knew



it till the next day, when it came up to
table, and his mother was cutting it
open, she was surpris'd to find it empty,
and immediately laid it on *Sam*, who
was stooping under the table, pretending
he was picking up a fork that he dropt
on purpose. Aye, you may hide your-
self, says his mother, but you shal
have your trimmings, you audacious
wretch, to serve me in this manner:

It

B 4

how

how dare you have the face to look at me!

Sam began to cry, and blubber, and make excuses, denying it all the while, till at last says he, "You need not make such a piece of work about a bit of pie, I'll eat the crust when I'm hungry," which he thought was making full amends for devouring the inside.

WELL, says *Mr. Crop*, I'll never throw away my advice on anyone, nor tell any one the way to be good a second time, if they don't follow my advice the first. Obstinate boys are like people who walk upon their heads, and of course see every thing the wrong way: they laugh at those who walk on
their

their feet, because they suppose themselves treading in the clouds, their heels being so much higher than their understanding. If they are told to mind their book, and they will become great men, they think they are great enough already, especially if they are biggish boys, and can command a few little ones at play, as was the case with *Sam Lickspit*, who always had a share of the apples, oranges, and other things which his play-mates, who were less than himself, bought; but if he had any thing good of his own, and the boys came round him, he would say, they who ask shall not have any, and they who do not ask, do not want any.



MISS *Lydia Lyabed* was the next to have her Fortune told, and came stretching and yawning to Mr. *Crop*, who knowing her to be just awake, asked her if she was up for the whole day? at the same time repeating these lines.

*'Tis a pity to rise when the sun is so high,
As it soon will sink down in the Western-
most sky;*

Then

*Then your labour and toil will all be in
vain,
And your trouble return in undressing again.*

SOME think those beneath them, who are not equal to them in rudeness. Miss *Lydia* thought all beneath her, who could not lie in bed as long, and have their breakfast in bed, then take another nap till twelve o'clock, and then scold the maid for coming to call them. She thought that Mr. *Crop* would have given her at least a coach and six; but *Crop* always spoke the truth, and never flattered any one: He told her if she would enjoy a coach and six, she must rise in a morning at six o'clock; but Miss *Lydia* thought it very vulgar to rise

C 2

rife with the ploughman and milkmaid,



chusing rather to lie and dream of a coach, than get up and possess one.

Now for *Jack Wildboy*, with his wicked look, what will be his Fortune *Mr. Crop*? Why, if you will hear a few of his tricks, every one of you will be as able to foretel as I am; for though I know by my art the

the end of good and bad boys, yet any body may tell by their actions whether they will be great or happy: for bad boys never make great men; idle boys never have horses, nor wicked ones enjoy the love or respect of their friends. It is hard to learn them any good habits, and much harder to break them of bad ones.

THE first vice which *Jack Wildboy* was guilty of, was a contempt for old age, which is as great a fault as any boy or girl can possess: For if they have not a reverence for those who must know better than themselves, whom will they fear? Not those of equal age; no! no! *Jack Wildboy* was afraid of nothing, nor any body.

ONE day as a poor blind man was crossing the road, *Jack* cut a stick out



of the hedge, split it at one end, and then put it on the tail of the dog, that was leading the poor man on the side of a ditch, which made the dog yelp and cry, and pull the poor beggar about, who knew not what was the matter with his dog, therefore could give him no assistance. But *Jack* was not content with

son of triumph; you a young rogue, that can see any thing but your own good, I a poor blind man, that can see nothing but misery: where is the merit in deceiving a fool, or laying a stumbling block for the blind? had you led me home, you would then indeed have shewn a right use of the light you enjoy. and evinced the superior blessing you possess. My infirmities, my years, should have claimed this, and an old man's obligation would have blessed you a boy, for doing what was your duty.

THIS had a very little effect on *Jack*, who called *Mopsy* to him, and ran home, leaving the poor man to do the best for himself.

It

It was not long after, that in a very dark night, he and a wicked companion saw a poor old woman coming up the town where he lived with a lanthorn; they contrived to throw a long cord over a high sign-post. *Jack* had hold of one end with a hook fastened to it; his companion had hold of the other, and stood in a dark corner some distance off: so when the poor old woman came close to *Jack*, he pretended he had lost a halfpenny, and the good-natured woman lending her lanthorn to him, he fastened it to the hook, and hallooed out loud, Now for't! which his companion hearing, instantly hauled up the lanthorn to the top of the sign-post, then fastened the string to a nail



nail, and ran home; leaving the poor woman to find her way in the dark.

Thus you see, that the same boy, who could not pity blindness and poverty, had no reverence for old age, or respect for good-nature. The woman's kindness was equally the same in lending the lanthorn, whether *Jack* really lost, or only pretended to lose the halfpenny;

halfpenny; yet, he who led the blind out of the way, took from the aged woman what little light her contrivance had assisted her with.

Now I think there needs no conjurer to tell what will become of *Jack Wildboy*, or any other boy who follows his example. *Mr. Crop*, therefore, declines giving his opinion in a case which is rendered so very plain and easy by his naughty life, but will presently set before them another case of a good boy, which though any one may be assured will end in happiness, yet none can tell how many pleasures and pastimes he will enjoy,

WHERE

WHERE is there a little boy or girl who loves bad apples or plums, or four tarts? And yet all naughty children are like these; and therefore no one can love or respect them, much less will they encourage them.

Mr. Crop will have nothing to say to any one who does not learn his book without murmuring, and go to school cheerfully; not wanting bread and butter to carry with him, or asking for halfpence to buy cherries, or marbles to play with by the way, a trick *Mr. Crop* knows many boys to be guilty of: Some too, after

The



Easter, Christmas, or Whitsuntide holidays, have been very unwilling to go to school again; infomuch, that some one has been forced to go and make an excuse to their master for their not having got their task, which is using them to very bad habits; for if they are excused at *Easter*, they will want the same indulgence at *Whitsuntide*; and when *Christmas* comes

comes, will think it very cruel to have a task to get.

Now I must inform such idle boys, that by such practices, they will lose three months out of twelve, be looked upon as great dunces, and let all the little boys get before them; but this is not all, for they will be obliged to go to school till they are fifteen or sixteen years old, which is a very sad sight indeed. It was not so with *Tom Trot*; no, no, he could get up in a morning, and learn as much before breakfast as most boys could in a whole day. This is the good boy Mr. *Crop* promised a little while ago to give you some account of.

C

Tans

Tom Trot, notwithstanding what any one may say to the contrary, was so called from the vast progress he made in Learning. He was soon through the Primer, and trotted over the Spelling-Book with more ease than my Lord *Winbet's* courser would over the *Kentish* hills; and though *Giles Gingerbread* was said to gallop through his gingerbread books, yet I can assure you, it was but a snail's gallop, when compared to *Tom Trot*. *Tom Trot* was as poor as he, and used to watch round the field of Farmer *Rye*, with a pair of clappers in his hand to frighten the birds from the corn. He was the author of the following song, which he sung as he sat in the field.

BEWARE

BEWARE birds and crows,
For here come the clappers,
To knock you down backwards:
Beware birds and crows.

Tom Trot says *beware*,
For he has the clappers,
To knock you down backwards:
Tom Trot says *beware*.

C 2

Make

36 *The WISDOM of*

*Make haste get you home,
For fear of the clappers,
They'll knock you down backwards:
Make haste get you home.*

*Take care of your young,
Tell them of the clappers,
That knock you down backwards:
Take care of your young.*

*Tom Trot will be just,
While he has the clappers,
To knock you down backwards,
Tom Trot will be just.*

*To good Farmer Rye,
For they are his clappers,
That knock you down backwards:
I serve Farmer Rye.*

Tom

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Tom Trot was famous over all the country for keeping the birds away, for no sooner did he begin to sing, than they all took to their wings, and fled with the greatest precipitation imaginable; not that *Tom* had a bad voice, no, he had a tolerable good one; but they knew that he would be as good as his word if they came within his reach.

BUT *Tom* did not keep this employment long; he was too good a boy to be passed over with neglect. A gentleman, therefore, who lived in the town, took particular notice of him one day as he was riding by the field when *Tom* was singing, and

C 3

hired



hired him to teach his little boy to read; which was a much better employment than frightening crows, and which drew upon him the ill-natured nicknames of many boys, who could not bear to see him taken notice of, while they received no mark of favour from any one. They would call him *Old Tom*, and *Scarecrow*; but this *Tom* had too great sense to mind, and only

only laughed at them for their envy, at the same time repeating these lines.
*All those who love Learning and rules,
 Must bear with the envy of fools;
 And they that true wisdom would have,
 Will give an offence to the knave.*

Tom's scholar was not so bright as himself, and was a long while before he could say his A, B, C; which when he had learned, *Tom* set the alphabet in verse, repeating it first in this manner,

A Apple, B Bear,
 C Custard, D Dear.

Now, says *Tom*, say that. Aye, says *Jack*, for that was his name:

A Apple, B Custard,
 C Dear, D Bear,

C 4

and



and thought himself a very clever fellow when *Tom* laughed at him; but *Tom* only laughed at his ignorance.

Tom finding he could make nothing of him, gave him up, and would not teach him any longer, but advised his father to make a chimney-sweeper of him; for though, says he

Ja

Jack will not climb up the Hill of Learning, he may get up a chimney well enough; and though he will not burthen his head with sense, he may carry a good load of soot upon his back. *Jack's* father took *Tom Trot's* advice, and put him apprentice to *Black-brush*, who lived at the bottom of the town. Only see what a pretty figure he cuts!



THIS

THIS is the reward of idleness,
and every one that will not mind his
book, should be served so if I was King,
said Tom Trot.

Jack's father now took Tom as
his son, and bought him all the books
in the world; which Tom made very
good use of, but never eat them, as
Giles Gingerbread did his; nor did he
dog's ear them, or dirty them. Tom
pursued his studies, and soon publish-
ed many pieces for the amusement of
good children.

*H*E that would merry be,
Must learn his A, B, C;
And he that would soon grow wise,
At six o'clock must rise.

They

*They who love loitering and play,
And throwing advice away;
They must without supper go,
And plum-cakes and pancakes too.*

Crop the conjurer, after having
told this story of Tom Trot, took his
leave of all the little boys and girls
who were standing round to hear it,
and immediately set off to some other
town, for the same purpose of ad-
vising all good children to love Learn-
ing.

I now must take my leave with
the same advice, hoping that many
may be made better by the instruc-
tion contained in this little book, as-
suring every good child, that Learning
is

44 *The WISDOM of*

is the only way to make them be-
loved and respected by all, and use-
ful, by informing the understandings
of those who know not so much as
themselves.

T H E E N D.

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